When trade is dull, collections bad,
And "blue" you feel and look,
Don't take "a smile," sit down awhile,
And con this little book.

COMPILED BY

N. R. STREETER.

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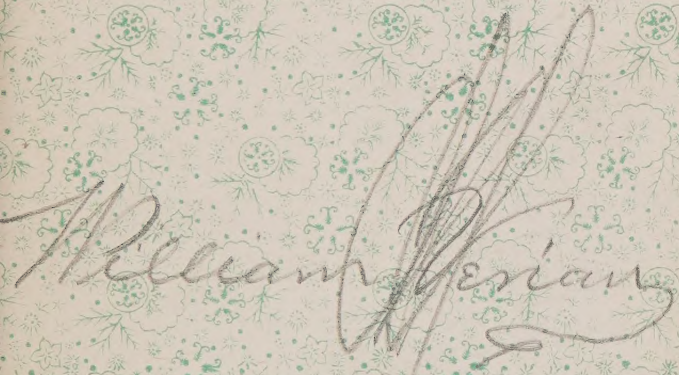

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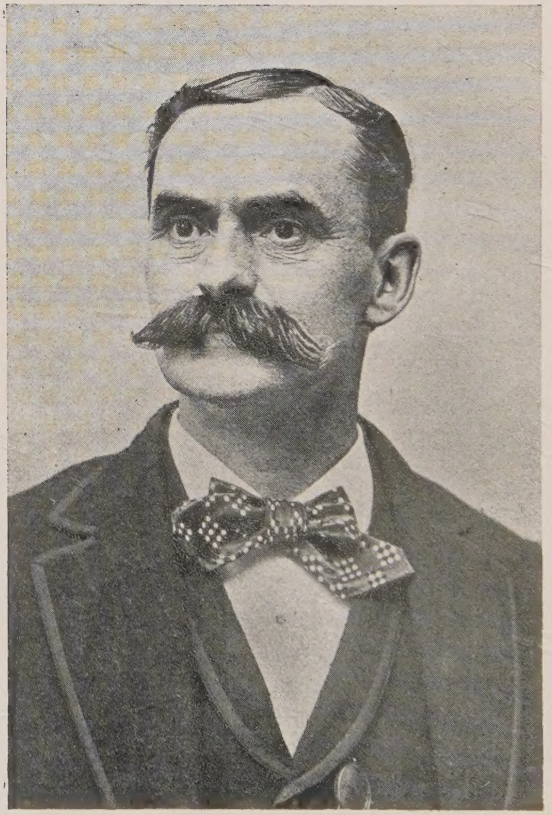

Truly Yours
W. R. Streeter

When trade is dull, collections bad
Aud "blue" you feel and look,
Don't take "a smile," sit down awhile,
And con this little book.

COMPILED BY
N. R. STREETER

PUBLISHED BY THE COMPILER.
1889.

Copyrighted, 1889,
By N. R. STREETER.
Groton, N. Y.

Copies of this little book will be sent to any address by mail, postage paid, on receipt of price (**Fifty Cents**).

Address, N. R. STREETER, Groton, N. Y.

WHY THIS LITTLE BOOK WAS PUBLISHED.

HAVING travelled through all the States and Territories of the Union; crossed the continent by the four different routes, and tried the pleasures of the coast steamers on both the Atlantic and Pacific oceans, I have formed many pleasant acquaintances with "Knights of the Grip" in different parts of the country.

And having something of a reputation as a natural reader and impersonator, I have often been called upon, in Pullman cars, hotel parlors and other places, to furnish something in the way of entertainment for the "boys." In many cases I have been asked for copies of selections which I have given, and sometimes have written copies in answer to such requests.

Through the suggestions and the assistance of friends, especially my old travelling "pard," E. S.

Hooper, and the editors of the *American Commercial Traveler*, of Chicago, "a bright newsy little paper, published in the interests of Commercial men and which should be in the hands of every man who carries the grip," I have compiled the following GEMS, which I respectfully dedicate to that great army of men known as "Drummers," of which I am proud to be considered a member.

N. R. STREETER.

GROTON, Oct. 7, 1889.

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Extract from Speech made before the Louisville Commercial Club, by Ex-Gov. J. PROCTOR KNOTT.

"I object to the term Commercial Traveller. It is too indefinite and inconclusive. Commercial 'Evangelist' strikes me as far more significant and appropriate, especially in view of the modern acceptation of the word.

"The Avant Courier of Christian civilization, who puts aside the endearments of home and family, and goes bravely out into the world on his Master's work, defying discomforts, disease, danger and death.

"I hold that next to the religion of our Divine Saviour the most potential of all promoters of human civilization, is commerce.

"It ministers to our wants, multiplies our comforts, gratifies our tastes, increases our enjoyments, elevates our natures, and prepares the way for the Gospel of Peace.

"It disregards alike the heat of the tropics and the snows of the frigid zones. It dares the night and tempests of the trackless sea, it spans the raging torrent, it brushes the mountain out of the way, it changes the wilderness into a teeming field, and rears the stately palace in place of the squalid hovel. The school bell beats time to its stately march, and the church spire springs up in its pathway.

"Why should not the forerunners of an agency so beneficent be termed 'Evangelists?' But why not, after all, stick to the good old fashioned but suggestive word 'Drummer.'

"Tourist traveller or evangelist may be more eupho-

nious, but I prefer 'The Drummer' to any of them. It is such a hale, hearty old word, so suggestive of energy, courage, and manhood, and it fits the mouth.

"But call them what you will, I like the craft. I have always found them a genial, whole-souled set of fellows, as well as intelligent, energetic, honorable business men.

"Do you see that fellow curled up in the car seat, fast asleep, unmindful of the roar of the train, the yells of the brakemen, the ingress and egress of passengers? He's a Drummer. He rode forty miles last night through wind and rain and mud, to make the point. *And he made it.*

"That slick young man who is helping the poor, tired looking woman with her numberless bundles and her sick baby? He's a Drummer too.

"And that bright-faced youngster who is rising to give the venerable old gentleman his seat, is a Drummer also.

"And so are those four fellows at the rear end of the car, who are amusing themselves and every one around them with their flashes of wit and humorous stories. They're all Drummers.

"The closest observers, the keenest judges of human nature, the most entertaining narrators of curious and interesting facts of any class of men in the world.

> "'All hail to the men of the satchel
> The sample, and iron-bound box.
> For they have the stuff within their skin
> That stands life's rugged knocks.'"

GEMS
FROM AN OLD DRUMMER'S GRIP.

WHAT MRS. ELLA WHEELER WILCOX SAYS OF THE "BOYS."

FIRST in the crowded car is he to offer—
This "travelling man," unhonored and unsung—
The seat he paid for he is first to proffer
To some lady old and wrinkled, or some woman fresh and young.
Something, a trifle from his samples maybe,
To please the fancy of the crying baby.

He lifts the window or drops the curtain
For unaccustomed hands. He lends his case
For a bolster for a child, not certain
But its mamma will frown him in the face.
So anxiously some women seek for danger
In every courteous act of every stranger.

Well versed is he in all those ways conducive
To comfort where least comfort can be found.
He turns the seat unasked yet unobtrusive;
His little deeds of thoughtfulness abound.

Is glad to please you or have you please him,
Yet takes it very calmly if you freeze him.

He smooths the Jove-like frown of the official,
By paying the fare of one who cannot pay.
True modesty he knows from artificial,
Will "flirt," of course, if you're inclined that way.
And if you are, be sure that he detects you,
And if you're not, be sure that he respects you.

The sorrows of the moving world distress him;
He never fails to lend what aid he can.
A thousand hearts to-day have cause to bless him,
This much abused, misused "commercial man."
I do not seek to cast a halo round him,
But speak of him precisely as I've found him.

A LETTER FROM HOME.

THE hotel 'bus from the midnight train,
Brought only one passenger through the rain;
A commercial tourist, weary and sad,
For trade had been dull and collections bad.

Not a single order was on his book,
The disgust he felt was shown in his look;
With a careless hand he wrote his name,
On the page of a book unknown to fame.

The drowsy night clerk the signature scanned,
Then a letter placed in the drummer's hand;
See how he starts, what a smile of delight
Comes over his face at the welcome sight.

Open the envelope is quickly torn;
And over his face, so weary and worn,
Now flit, like sunbeams after a storm,
Smiles of joy as the message takes form.

Thus clouds of despair that will often appear
To the travelling man, sometimes in the year,
Are quickly dispelled by such simple means
As one friendly letter—How queer it seems!

So wives, sweethearts, brothers, and chums,
If you know where we'll be when Sunday comes,
Write us if your time will permit,
Draw on us at sight and we will remit—Our
Thanks.

THE DRUMMER AND HIS GRIP.

THOUGH the rain and sleet are falling,
And the roads are "awful muddy,"
Though all men "hard times" are bawling,
Though a fellow's nose gets ruddy,

Though the rivers may be frozen,
And the frost may bite and nip,
They can never stop the advent
Of the drummer and his grip.

Though the trains may all be smashing,
Though the horses all go lame,
The drummer, like the bedbug,
Will get there just the same;
And when his time is over,
Will come smiling from his trip
For he always "makes connection,"
Does the drummer with his grip.

Ah, he teaches us a lesson,
With his energy and grit,
Things that "paralyze" most people
Don't astonish him a bit.
And he's ever bright and cheerful,
And a smile is on his lip;
He's a daisy from away back,
Is the drummer with his grip.

Give him a kind word always,
He'll give you back the same;
For the doings of some "black sheep"
Don't give the whole tribe blame.
Far down, clear down to Hades,
Some so-called "good men" slip,
While along the road to heaven
Goes the drummer (with his grip).

A DRUMMER'S CONSTANCY.

BY JOHN DEWITT.

[In American Commercial Traveler.]

WHEN I reach out for my grip,
To begin some lengthy trip,
I look into the eyes of my sweetheart
And say, "Good-by, my dear."
Then I kiss away each tear
That trembles on her lashes as I start.

And I whisper, "Pet, I'll try
To surprise you by-and-by,
By some token that will make those bright eyes
shine."
But she says, with beaming face,
"Ah, no gifts can take your place,
So write to me each day, if but a line."

When a woman thus is true,
Oh, what can we "drummers" do,
But love the very ground they walk upon?
We might search the whole world wide,
But we'd find no girl beside
To fill our hearts like this beloved one.

So be careful when you say
That each "drummer," when away,
Is sure to have a girl in every place.
Though he's obliged to roam,
The "drummer" loves his home,
And worships his own wife's attractive face.

This is why he travels miles
To see sunniest of smiles
Appear upon the face of that dear wife;
And to get his baby's kiss,
Which, away, he has to miss,
He would give the best ten years of his life.

If you doubt what I now say,
Just you try this plan some day,
And peep into some traveller's watch-case,
And there, underneath the lid,
You will find a picture hid;
I'll guarantee 'twill be his wife's sweet face.

THE DRUMMER TO HIS GRIP.

FULL many a weary mile, old Grip,
We've travelled o'er together,
Both in sunshine and the storm—
In every kind of weather.

How many hours you've waited, Grip,
Alone in some hotel,
While I was selling piles of goods,
Or "getting scooped" like——well.

I never was profane, old Grip,
You never heard me swear—
Not even when that bottle broke,
And I'd no shirt to wear.

How often you've "held down the seat,"
You darling, dear old Grip,
When I went to the smoking car
With friends to take a sn——smoke.

I've trusted you with secrets,
Grip, in fact, you hold some now,
Which, were they known to folks at home,
Would raise an awful row.

You've kept my secrets well, old Grip,
At home and "on the road,"
Though scores and scores of times, old friend,
You've carried a "heavy load."

You've seen me shed sad tears, old Grip,
When no one else was nigh,
And often tried to comfort me
With drinks of good old rye.

We've seen some hard times, too, old Grip;—
Like me, you've stood abuse;
Sometimes, like me, you've empty been,
And sometimes "fuller'n a goose."

Yet, I never saw the time, Grip,
When you were really drunk,
Though oftentimes I had to "preach"
To our old "sample trunk."

We're gray-haired rusty chaps, old Grip,
And don't look very fine;
The ladies never notice us,
As when we used to shine.

You know the reason too, old Grip—
They know the world we've seen;
So they "catch on" to newer grips
And travelling men in green.

Oh, well, we've seen the time, Grip,
Whene'er we left the train,
It was to leave some gentle heart
Just fluttering with pain.

And you could tell of letters, Grip,
And faces, sweet and fair,
Which I have left, day after day
In your most sacred care.

Well, we are aged now, old Grip—
I'm forty-nine, you're seven;
Soon you'll be laid upon the shelf,
I—sailing off toward heaven.

But we will stick together, Grip,
The longest that we can,
For, next to wife, there is no friend
Like Grip to a travelling man.

MY SWEETHEART.

BY JOHN DEWITT.

[In American Commercial Traveler.]

A LITTLE tot, with dark brown eyes,
Waits at my chamber door,
And says, "Why did you stay so long?"
You promised to come before.
I waited for you most 'free' days,
For I knew that you would come,
And bring me, in your sample case
Chocolate and chewing gum.

"I've nursed my dolly awful long,
And played with all my toys;
I got so tired I most fell asleep
Playing with some boys.

Little girls like me can't wait
So long for their papa to come;
You must tell your trade to hurry up,
Your best girl waits at home.

"Just take me with you for one trip,
I'll not be in the way;
I'll promise to keep awful still
When your samples you display.
At night I'll sleep close by you,
With my arms around your neck,
And I'll help you write your letters,
And in Ma's will send a check."

God bless these little children,
How they rule us with their sway,
And they make us mighty homesick,
When we're many miles away.
But when our trip is over,
And they meet us at the door,
These kind of "sweethearts" are the style
We "drummers" do adore.

"HORSE AND HORSE."

I'D been on a trip ten months (about that)
When I returned to find my Mary true.
And though I questioned her, I doubted not,
'Twas unnecessary so to do.

'Twas in the chimney corner, we were sitting.
"Mary," said I, "have you been always true?"
"Well frankly," she said, just pausing in her knitting
"I don't think I've unfaithful been to you,
But since you've been gone I'll tell you what
I've done, then say if I've been true or not.

"When first you went away, my grief was uncontrollable,
Alone I moaned my miserable lot;
My friends all thought me inconsolable,
Till Captain Clifford came from Aldershot.
To flirt with him amused me while 'twas new—
But I don't count that unfaithfulness, do you?

"Charles Augustus Henderson lent me his horse;
My! how we rode and raced.
We scoured the downs, we rode to hounds,
And often was his arm around my waist,
That was to help me up or down; but who
Would count that unfaithfulness, do you?

"Next, young Frankie Pipps, just twenty-one.
We met at uncle's; 'twas at Christmas tide,
And 'neath the mistletoe, where lips meet lips,
He gave me his first kiss. (Here she sighed.)
We were six weeks at uncle's—my! how time flew!—
But I don't count that unfaithfulness, do you?

"You know Reggy Vere. My! how he sings!
We met, 'twas at a picnic; ah, such weather.
And see, he gave me the first of these two rings,
When we were lost in Cliffton's woods together.
What jolly times we had together, we two—
But I don't count that unfaithfulness, do you?

"And see, I have another ring. This plain gold
band that's shining here."
I took her hand, "Mary," said I, "can it be that
you—"
Quoth she, "That I am Mrs. Vere.
I don't count that unfaithfulness, do you?"
"N-o," I replied, "for I'm married too."

THE BATTERED OLD GRIP.

C. E. BANKS.

[In American Commercial Traveler.]

All yes! it is faded and ragged and worn;
One handle almost, one entirely, gone;
The erst shining lock all tarnished and scaled,
The key long since lost, and every clasp failed;
The sides falling inward in gaunt, hungry way,
And open-mouthed corners, as waiting for prey;
But incidents many, all fleet-footed, trip
Through my mind, at the sight of this batter'd
old grip.

How often, preparing to start on my route,
I have taken it down, and, dusting it out,
Spread it wide at my feet, with its back to the floor,
Wond'ring meanwhile if 'twould hold all my things as before.
Ah! many's the friend a man tries, but to find
Him holding far less in his heart than his mind;
But here's a companion ne'er gave me the slip—
Always faithful and willing—my batter'd old grip.

First, a half dozen shirts seem to fill up each side,
Yet 'kerchiefs a dozen, scarfs tied and untied,
Collars, cuffs, underwear, pipe, tobacco and gloves—
A score of small knickknacks fit into the grooves;
A clothes brush, pomade, a picture or two
Of a dear Hampshire lass, to look at when blue,
And perhaps a small phial containing a "nip,"
All snugly packed into the batter'd old "grip."

The great ocean steamers with cabin and hold,
Hang the sign out at last "no more here enrolled;"
The street car—capacity something immense—
Refuses at last a place for your pence;
E'n the venerable stage, despite legend and lore,
Has been known to decline the "room for one more;"

But surely a lie must mantle the lip
Of him who would say, "no more room in this grip"?

And down as I gaze, sweet memories drift
Through the channels of thought, and its worn form I lift
With a reverent touch, and think, with a sigh,
Of the thousand dear things in the long since gone by
That have lain in its pockets, and hid in its depths—
A mother's kind letters, teaching good, true precepts;
And others, with tokens from maiden's pure lip,
Read over and over, held place in the "grip."

To-day I am thirty and four, yet I feel
All those feelings of youth and love o'er me steal
As I gaze at its dingy old covers and think
In my first manhood days, how I stood on the brink
Of life's speeding river and dreamed of and plann'd
A home just the neatest and best in the land,
Where a sweet face would greet me returned from each trip
With a welcome and smile for myself and the "grip."

God bless every stitch in the shrunken old hide,
That has floated me over life's changing tide
To this island of peace, which I now so enjoy
With my dear loving wife, my girl and my boy;
God bless it, I say, in palace or cot,
In wealth or in poverty, whate'er my lot,
Though stern fate should from me all other gifts strip,
I'll cling to you ever, dear batter'd old "grip."

THE DRUMMER'S BABY.

"BIG time to-night," the drummers said,
As to supper they sat down;
"To-morrow's Sunday, and now's our chance
To illuminate the town."

"Good!" cries Bill Barnes, the jolliest—
The favorite of all;
"Yes; let's forget our trouble now
And hold high carnival."

The supper done, the mail arrives;
Each man his letters scanning,
With fresh quotations—up or down—
His busy brain is cramming.

But Bill—why, what's come over him—
Why turned so quick about!
He says, just as his pards start forth;
"I guess I won't go out."

His letter bore no written word,
No prayer from vice to flee;
Only the tracing of a hand—
A baby hand—of three.

What picture comes before his mind—
What does his memory paint?
A baby at her mother's knee—
His little white-robed saint.

What cares a man for ridicule
Who wins a victory grand?
Bill slept in peace, his brow was smoothed
By a shadowy little hand.

Naught like the weak things of this world
The power of sin withstands;
No shield between man's soul and wrong
Like a little baby hand.

THE DRUMMER'S LIFE.

C. E. BANKS.

[In American Commercial Traveler.]

ONE came in the morning, with eager eye
The register scann'd, then quickly sought
The merchant out, induced him to buy,
And his book was soon with an order fraught.
So the drummer comes and the drummer goes,
And his heart with joy is ready to burst.
He recks not, he, his competitors' woes
But hugs himself that he got there first.

One came in the evening, with hopeful air,
And spread his samples in a hurried way,
But left full soon, bowed down with care—
The "other fellow" had passed that day.
So the drummer comes and the drummer goes,
And the days are bright and the days are sad,
Yet cheerful always, and no one knows
Why the heart is sore of the drummer lad.

They met ere a month was scarcely passed,
And hand clasped hand in firm, true grip,
And "brother" and "brother" to each was cast
From beaming eye and speaking lip.
So the drummer comes and the drummer goes,
And his hand is ready, his heart is brave,
To buffet life's evils with sturdy blows,
Till he takes his last order and fills—a grave.

THE BATTERED OLD GRIP'S LAMENT.

C. E. BANKS.

[In American Commercial Traveler.]

YES, I'm an old gripsack worn out in the race;
A newer and brighter has taken my place;
High up 'neath the rafters contemptuously cast,
Neglected, to dream of a glorious past;
No comrade to share my lone exile, ah me!
I who have travelled by land and by sea,
In my old age forsaken 'mongst cobwebs and dust,
Slowly falling to pieces from disuse and rust.

It is gloomy enough, I assure you, up here
In this grim, dreary place and oft-times a fear
That I never shall see the bright sunlight again
Stirs my shrunken old sides with a wearisome pain;
I deserve something better than rust and mildew—
To my trust I always was faithful and true—
And they surely could spare an old servant a nook
Where life had something of cheer in its look.

Oh! the pathway of life, lay it out as we may,
A word or a breath may change in a day!
And, now that I'm broken by service and age,
I'm tossed like a vagabond into this cage—
Like a storm-beaten ship cast up on the strand—
'Tis the way of the world, and fate's cruel hand
Has little of pity; our usefulness past,
We are all laid aside and forgotten at last.

My master has now all the comforts of life,
A neat cheerful home, a sweet loving wife,
Bright, rosy-cheeked children to comfort his cheer,
A bank account growing from year to year;
And when the kind darkness has driven away
The shadows that mock my poor semblance of day,
And their concerted voices float up to my den
In laughter and song, I am happy again.

Sometimes, but not often, two pairs of small feet
Bring two little figures my prison to greet,
And two little faces make sunshine of gloom,
And two merry voices make joy in the room;
And oft in their play, with frolic and shout,
They toss my batter'd, worn figure about.
Oh, may they ne'er suffer the heart-aches and stings
The sorrows and woes which adversity brings.

Thus day after day I lie here and dream,
While drift the dull years down Time's sluggish stream,
Calling up the dear pictures of days "on the road,"
When trouble and care was a feather-weight load.
The engine's shrill whistle strikes sharp on my ear,
The bluff, hearty greetings of "brothers," I hear;
I dream and awake to my desolate lot,
To feel that I was, and know I am not.

Oh, ye who successfully 'counter life's ills,
And mount to the summit of fortune-kissed hills,
While plenty surrounds you and pleasures o'er-
load,
Remember the weaker ones passed on the road,
And if there's a brother in trouble to-day,
Who neglected himself to help you on your way,
Help him out—who can tell but your own feet
may slip—
Just think of the face of the batter'd old grip.

"WHEN THE CHECK IS ON THE KIESTER."

WHEN the check is on the kiester and the
price book put away,
And the drummer turneth homeward at the clos-
ing of the day,
Then it is that dimpled fingers make odd stains
upon the glass,
And little eyes are peeping at the people as they
pass,
Waiting for papa's coming, and wondering why
he stays,
"I'm coming certain, Friday," is what his postal
says;
But "his coming certain, Friday" often means
the following day,

When the check is on the kiester and the price book put away
There is much of joy and promise in the coming of the day,
When the kiester and the price book are forever put away.

Of course he'll miss the hasheries and welcome "come agin,"
And the diamond-shirted clerk, and the bugs that dwell therein;
But there's something compensating in three square meals a day,
Prepared by hands of loved ones in the good old-fashioned way,
And the smile that always greets him at the closing of the day,
When the check is on the kiester and the price book put away.

The rattle, noisy clatter of the dusty railway train,
And the dirt roads and the turnpikes he'll ne'er go o'er again;
Combination prices and bar of the hotel
Are remembered now with pleasure for the goods they helped to sell;
And the "kicker" and the grumblers are with the "chronics" classed,

And are only now remembered as vexations of the past;
And oh, his heart is joyful as the brightest sunlit day,
For the check is on the kiester and the price book's put away.

THE DRUMMER'S DREAM.

A little room in a little hotel,
In a little country town;
On a little bed with a musty smell,
A man was lying down.

A great big man with a great big snore—
For he lay on his back, you see—
And a peaceful look on his face he wore,
For sound asleep was he.

In his dreams what marvellous trips he made,
What heaps of stuff he sold!
And nobody failed and everybody paid,
And his orders were good as gold.

He smiled and smothered a scornful laugh,
When his fellow-drummers blowed;
For he knew no other had sold the half
Of what his order-book showed.

He got his letter from home one day:
"Dear Sir—we've no fitter term
To use in your case than simply to say:
Henceforth you are one of the firm."

And a glorious change it made in his life,
He now from the road withdrew;
And really soon got to know his wife
His son, and his daughters too.

But with a thump — bang-whang — thump-bang again
The "boots" had knocked at the door;
"It's very near time for the 5:10 train,"
And the "Drummer's Dream" was o'er.

LAMENTATIONS OF THE TRAVELLING MAN.

BY AN OLD DRUMMER.

YOU who envy the travelling man's life,
And fondly imagine it free from all strife,
Just take out some samples for one short trip,
And if not very pious, an oath you'll let slip.

You arrive at the town, in the evening, quite late.
"The good rooms are all taken" such is your fate.
The supper is cold, and not fit to eat,
And the beds, well for hardness they could not be beat.

You arise in the morning, quite unrefreshed,
You swallow your breakfast, and then go in quest
Of a merchant who lives at the end of the town.
And you learn, from his house he has not yet
come down.

Your samples you place by the side of the door,
And fondly imagine an order in store.
But after long waiting he comes only to say,
"There's nothing I'm needing in your line to-
day."

You may draw your argument down very fine,
And expatiate on your "very fine line,"
But the magic quickly goes out of your lore
When you learn a competitor's just been there
before.

Your customer may be a man of the kind,
That by talking, and talking, and talking him
blind,
You may get an order, although very small,
It helps pay expenses, and that's about all.

Perhaps a twenty-mile ride you have had,
Over roads that were hilly and terribly bad,
But your courage goes up, when he invites you to
call,
And he'll "Probably want some goods in the fall."

You go to the depot, the next train to get,
'Tis four hours late, there's no use to fret.

You take out a cigar to have a good smoke,
When you feel in your ribs, the station man's poke.

"No smoking allowed here, don't you see the sign."
And even that comfort, there, we're forced to resign.
Then out on the platform we plod on and plod,
And envy the man that carries the hod.

Our employers expect us to sell lots of goods,
In towns that are lonely and far in the woods.
We travel on freight trains, we drive in a hurry,
Expenses foot up and we get in a flurry;

Our samples are heavy, the charges are high,
We have no redress, the money must fly,
An itemized expense account they always expect,
And if it runs light, they're *sure* its correct.

Now if you merchants who sit in the store,
And consider the travelling man always a bore.
Would think the situation o'er for a while,
When he enters your door, he would meet with a smile.

They keep you well posted, and you certainly can
Buy your goods best of the travelling man.
Don't send then away with a frown or a jeer,
And your balance will please you at the end of the year.

And you who send out the travelling men,
Encourage them, if only by the scratch of a pen,
They'll render good service, will work with their
might,
If they feel that the "House" is treating them
"white."

"IN THE GLOAMING."

NOTE.—If any of the "boys," who read this little book, have ever taken a trip by steamer, from Portland, Ore., to San Francisco, Cal., they will appreciate the following parody on "In the Gloaming," said to have been written by a daughter of Bret Harte.

ON the steamer, Oh! my darling,
When the fog horns screech and blow,
And you hear the steward's foot steps
Softly come and softly go.
When the passengers are groaning,
With a nameless, unknown woe,
Don't you think it better, darling,
You and I should go below?

In the cabin, Oh! my darling,
Think not bitterly of me,
Though I rushed away and left you,
In the middle of our tea.
I was seized with sudden longing
To behold the deep, blue sea.
It was best that I should leave, dear,
Best for you, and best for me.

THE DRUMMER.

CONTRIBUTED BY LAFE HEIDELL,
Rochester, N. Y.

THERE'S nothing like a drummer when he's
out upon the road,
And the season's one long summer with a sun that
never glowed
In brighter colors in the tropics, when the world
is painted red,
And the pumpkins in the dew drop, and the dew
drop's in his head.

There is no other fellow that is such a prince as he,
When he's just a little "mellow" and as
"chummy" as can be.
Then he tells of how old Moses took his account
of stock
And got hosiery written "hoses" when the rye
was on the rock.

No, there isn't any fellow that can sing a jollier
song
When he's just a trifle "mellow" and the nights
are growing long
Than the drum, drum, drum, drum, drummer
when he does his level best,
When the moon shines on the pumpkin, and the
pumpkin's way out west.

Yet he has his serious moments, does this hardy
son of toil,
And he always has a fancy for the rare side of the
broil,
He sides with the under dog if the whelp is not a
cur,
And he always knows a hog, by the color of his fur.

NEVER GO BACK ON A TRAVELLING MAN.

BY ROBERT LOVELL.

O H, pity, kind gentlefolks, friends of humanity,
Sympathy's scarce, since the world first began,
And did you but know it, you ought to bestow it
If ever you did, on the travelling man.
You may call us all "runners," "guerillas" or
"bummers"
And agents or "drummers" or what else you can;
But you'll always regret it, and don't you forget it,
If you ever go back on the travelling man.

Right here, I make mention, 'tis not my intention
To shield the wrong doing of some erring "pard."
If he don't use discretion, some foolish transgression
Will drop his name off from the firm's business
card.

No use in dissenting, he'll quit representing
The house that he has so disgracefully served;
No longer the trade that he formerly made
Will keep, for his coming, their orders reserved.

There is no use disguising the fact, though surprising,
That of trials and troubles the "boys" have their load;
Our life would be dreary, indeed we'd get weary,
Did we not have our fun while we're out on the road.
There is one thing quite certain, you charge us with flirtin'
With all the gay lasses we happen to meet,
When even the preachers adore the dear creatures.
Don't you think they'd all better be kept off the street?

Ask conductors or train men, livery or dray men,
Or the two-dollar a day men, who sell us our hash,
Just ask them quite plainly, on whom they count mainly,
For the root of all evil, but best known as cash,
And they all to a man, sir, will give you this answer,
"We generally try to make all that we can;
But of all of our patrons, the 'drummers' are fat ones
And our profits all come from the travelling man."

In closing this ditty, we don't crave your pity,
We ask your good will which we hope ne'er to lack,
Remember us kindly, don't slander us blindly,
For in sixty days more we'll be 'round on your track.
To the trade, one and all, big dealers and small,
And we mean what we say when we make the request,
If your credit's "O. K." and you're able to pay,
Reserve us big orders—that suits us the best.

THE RIVAL DRUMMERS.

IT was two rival drummers,
The merits they did blow
Of safes were in St. Louis made
And safes from Chicago.

They chanced upon a merchant
Who fain a safe would buy,
And in the praise of their houses' wares
The drummers twain did vie,
Each striving to see which could construct
The most colossal lie.

Out spake the St. Louis drummer,
"Once a man a cat did take,
And locked the animal in a safe
Of our superior make.

"They made a bonfire round the safe
With tar and kerosene,
And for four-and-twenty hours it blazed
With raging heat, I ween.

"The fire went out, the safe was cooled,
And I will forfeit five
Hundred good dollars if that cat
Did not come out alive."

Then mild upspake and answered him
The Chicago safe-agent:
"With our safe one day we did essay
The same experiment.

"We placed the safe selected on
Of coals a fiery bed,
And pitch pine we heaped in coal-oil steeped
Till the iron glowed bright red;
And in forty-eight hours we ope'd the safe
And, alas! the cat was dead!"

"Was dead? Aha!" his rival cried,
With a triumphant breath;
But the Chicago man replied:
"Yes; the cat was frozen to death!"

No word that St. Louis drummer spoke,
But silent stood and wan,
While the Kansas merchant an order gave
To the Chicago man.

DER DRUMMER.

WHO puts oup at der pest hotel,
Und dakes his oysders on der schell,
Und mit der frauleins cuts a schwell?
Der drummer.

Who vash it gomes indo mine schtore,
Drows down his pundles on der vloor,
Und nefer schtops to shut der door?
Der drummer

Who dakes me py der handt und say:
"Hans Pfeiffer, how you vas to-day?"
Und goes for peesness rightdt avay?
Der drummer.

Who shpreads his zamples in a trice,
Und dells me "look, und see how nice?"
Und says I gets "der bottom price?"
Der drummer.

Who says der tings vas eggstra vine—
"Vrom Sharmany, ubon der Rhine"—
Und sheats me den times oudt of nine?
Der drummer.

Who dells how sheap der goots vas bought,
Mooch less as vot I gould imbort,
But lets dem go, as he vas "short?"
Der drummer.

Who varrants all der goots to suit
Der gustomers ubon his route,
And ven dey gomes dey vas no goot?
Der drummer.

Who gomes arount ven I been oudt,
Drinks oup mine bier, und eats mine kraut,
Und kiss Katrina in der mout?
Der drummer.

Who, ven he gomes again dis vay,
Vill hear vot Pfeiffer has to say,
Und mit a plack eye goes avay?
Der drummer.

THE TOAST.

COULD I sip of the nectar, the gods only can,
I would fill up the glass to the brim.
And drink success to the "travelling man"
And the house represented by him.

And could I but tincture the glorious draught
With his smiles, as I drink to him then,
With the laughs he has laughed, and the jokes he has told,
I would fill up the goblet again.

I would drink to the sweetheart that bade him
good-bye
With a tenderness thrilling in bliss;
Ah, he thinks of her now, as his heart heaves a
sigh,
Remembering the sweets of the kiss.

To the purest of hearts and fairest of hands
I would drink with my hopes and my prayers
For the one she must trust, is a "travelling
man"
Who will share all her joy and her cares.

I would drink to the wife with the babe at her
knee,
Who awaits his return, bye and bye
Who opens his letters so tremulously,
And reads while the tears fill her eye.

I would quaff to the feeble old mother
Who sits by the fireside alone,
And murmurs and weeps, o'er the stocking she
knits
While she thinks of her wandering son.

I would drink long life and health to the friend
Who greets him with many a cheer,
To the generous hand the stranger extends
To the sojourner wandering here.

And when he quits this earthly abode,
And has paid the last fare that he can,
Mine Host of the Inn at the end of the road,
Will welcome the "travelling man."

G. A. R. GEMS.

[Several Drummers, who are also members of the G. A. R., have requested that I include in this little volume a few selections which they have heard me give at their camp fires, and in compliance with such request I have added the following war poems and miscellaneous pieces, which I hope will touch a tender chord in the hearts of the brave old boys.—N. R. S.]

THE BLACKSMITH'S STORY.

FRANK OLIVE.

WELL, no! my wife ain't dead, sir, but I lost her just the same.
She left me voluntarily, and neither was to blame.
It's rather a queer story, but I think that you'll agree,
When you've heard the circumstances, it was rather rough on me.
She was a soldier's widow, he was killed at Malvern Hill,
And after I had married her, she seemed to sorrow for him still.
But I brought her here to Kansas, and I never want to see
A better wife than Mary was for five bright years to me.

A change of scene brought cheerfulness, and soon
arose a glow
Of happiness, warmed Mary's cheeks and melted
all their snow.
And I think she loved me some, that I'm bound
to think, sir;
And as for me, I can't begin to tell how much I
loved her.
Three years ago the baby came, our humble home
to bless,
And then I reckon I was nigh to perfect happi-
ness.
'Twas hers, 'twas mine, but I can't explain to you
How that little girl's weak fingers our hearts to-
gether drew.
Once we watched it through a fever, and with
each gasping breath
Numb with an awful, nameless woe, we waited for
its death.
And though I'm not a pious man, our hearts to-
gether there
For Heaven to spare our darling one, went up in
voiceless prayer.
And when the doctor said 'twould live what words
our joy could tell.
Clasped in each other's arms, our grateful tears
together fell.
So you see the shadows sometimes fell across our
little nest,

But it only made the sunshine seem a doubly
welcome guest.
Work came to me a plenty, and I kept the anvil
ringing,
Early and late, you'd find me there a humming
and a singing,
Love moved my arm to labor, and moved my
tongue to song,
And though my singing wasn't sweet, it was
tremendous strong.
One day a one-armed stranger stopped to have me
nail a shoe,
And while at work for him we passed a compli-
ment or two.
I asked him how he lost his arm, he said 'twas
shot away
At Malvern Hill. At Malvern Hill! did you
know Robert May?
That's me. You! You! I cried, choking with hor-
rid doubt,
If you're the man just follow me, we'll try this
mystery out.
With dizzy steps I led him in to Mary. God!
'twas true,
Then the bitterest pangs of misery, unspeakable
I knew.
Frozen with deadly horror she stared with eyes of
stone
And from her quivering lips there broke one wild
despairing moan.

'Twas he, the husband of her youth, now risen
from the dead,
But all too late, and with a cry her shattered
senses fled.
What could be done? He was reported dead.
On his return
He strove in vain some tidings of his absent wife
to learn.
'Twas well that he was innocent, else I'd have
killed him, too,
So dead he never would have riz 'till Gabriel's
trumpet blew.
It was agreed then that Mary between us should
decide,
And each by her decision would sacredly abide.
No sinner at the judgment seat waiting eternal
doom
Could suffer what I did, waiting sentence in that
room.
Rigid and breathless there we stood, with nerves
as tense as steel,
While Mary's eyes sought each face in piteous ap-
peal.
God, could not a woman's duty be less hardly rec-
onciled
Between her lawful husband and the father of
her child?
But how my heart was chilled to ice, when Mary
knelt and said,

"Forgive me, John, he is my husband, here alive, not dead."
I raised her up tenderly, and tried to tell her she was right,
But somehow in my aching heart the prisoned words stuck tight.
"But, John, I can't leave baby." What wife and child, cried I,
Must I yield all, Ah! cruel fate, better that I should die.
Think of the long, sad, lonely hours, waiting in gloom for me,
No wife to cheer me with her love, no babe to climb my knee.
And yet you are her mother, and the sacred mother love
Is still the purest, tenderest tie that Heaven ever wove.
Take her, but promise, Mary, for that will bring no shame,
My little girl shall bear, and learn to lisp her father's name.
It may be in the life to come, I'll meet my child and wife,
But yonder at that cottage gate, we parted for this life.
One long hand-clasp from Mary, and my dream of love was done,
One long embrace from baby, and my happiness was gone.

BILL BROWN, FROM COHOES.

JOSEPH DE BARTHE.

YES, stranger, I'm bu'sted. The circus went up,
An' I'm trampin' back home. Will I what—take a sup?
Well, I'd smile! You're a stunner! From—thunder! Cohoes?
Why, shake. You might know that I wouldn't refuse.
From Cohoes! Well, I'm stabbed! An' you know Billy Brown
An' the rest of the fellows that hail from that town?
Yes, Bill Brown, my old pardner; a mighty fine lad!
What, bu'sted agin? Well, I swow, that's too bad.
He wasn't no cherub, was William, but then
He was always a royal good man among men.
He was quick with his hands an' hasty in speech,
Was lightnin' in kickin' an' long in his reach,
But down far beneath the old jumper he wore
Beat a heart that was honest an' true to the core!
An' I'll never forget—my regards. Ah! that cup
Seems to warm my old heart. I don't mind—fill 'em up!

* * * * * *

It was out in Ohio. The war had just closed,
An' a good many men as was brothers with those
Who pulled down the old flag to set up the new,
An' who fought in the gray 'gainst the others in
blue,
Had turned their eyes West, an' were ploddin' their way
Wherever God's mercy allowed them to stay.
It's not that I'm down on Ohio at all
I'm tellin' this story. I want to recall
How one soldier who fought for the cause that was won
Stood up like a man for a perishing son
Of the cause that was lost. How I lov'd his good will!
I worshipped him then, an' I worship him still.
But, on with the story. It happened this wise:
One day in the habit he couldn't disguise
There came to a town in Ohio a man
Who had wasted his strength in the war that began
With the storming of Sumter. Hungry an' poor,
He asked for a crust at a wealthy man's door,
An' told them his story. Then up went the cry!
"He ought to be lynched!" and a crowd gathered by.
An' into that crowd like a bullet there shot
A form that the rebel has never forgot;
An' he gazed for a moment about him, an' then

Cried out in a ringin' voice: "Shame on ye, men!
Would you harm a poor devil because he went
wrong?"
An' a broad-shouldered teamster who stood in the
throng
Yelled forth: "He's a rebel, an' fought 'gainst the
flag;
Pulled down the barr'd banner an' raised up
rag!"
Bill halted him then, an', said he with a frown:
"That's a thing of the past, for the war's been put
down!"
But the crowd were all mad an' wouldn't keep
still,
An' they swore they would tear the blue clothes
off of Bill
If he didn't move on, or ventured to speak
Again in defence of a low Southern sneak.
That's all as was needed to stir up Bill Brown!
I'll bet if an earthquake had scooped in the town
It wouldn't have scattered them anywhere near
As much as Bill's fisticuffs filled them with fear:
For, you see, the blue suit they had threaten'd to
tear
Was the very one Bill had fought in "down there;"
An' he did up that gang in a real han'some way—
As easy as lightnin', as if 'twas but play,
Then he put out his hand and he said: "Come
with me."

An' we went. For 'twas I was the reb—do you see?
An' *he* thinks I'm older an' blinder, you say?
An' *you're* laughin'! Great caravan! Gol durn my shoes,
If it isn't — yes, bless me — Bill Brown—from Cohoes!

THE VETERAN AND HIS GRANDSON.

BY J. W. CRAWFORD (CAPT. JACK).

Dedicated to Corporal James Tanner.

HOLD on! Hold on! My goodness! You take my breath, my son,
A firin' questions 't me like shots from a Gatlin gun.
Why do I wear this eagle an' flag an' brazen star?
An' why do my old eyes glisten when somebody mentions war?
An' why do I call men "Comrade?" an' why do my eyes grow bright
When you hear me tell your gran'ma I'm goin' to Post to-night?
Come here, you inquisitive rascal, and set on your grandpa's knee,
An' I'll try to answer the broadsides you've been a-firin' at me.

Away back in the sixties, and along afore you
were born,
The news came a-flashin' to us one bright and
sunny morn,
That some of our Southern brothers, a-thinkin' no
doubt 'twar right,
Had trailed their guns on our banner, an' opened
a nasty fight.
The great big guns war a boomin', an' the shot
flyin' thick and fast,
And troops all over the Southland war rapidly
bein' massed:
An' a thrill went through the nation—a fear that
our glorious land
Might be split an' divided an' ruined by mistaken
brothers' hand.

Lord, but wan't there excitement, an' didn't the
boys' eyes flash?
An' didn't we curse our brothers for bein' so
foolish an' rash?
An' didn't we raise the neighbors with loud and
continued cheers
When Abe sent out a dockyment a-callin' for vol-
unteers?
An' didn't we flock to the colors when the drums
began to beat,
An' didn't we march with proud steps along the
village street?

An' didn't the people cheer us when we got aboard the cars
With the flag a-wavin' o'er us, and went away to the wars?

I'll never forget your gran'ma as she stood outside o' the train,
Her face as white as a snowdrift, her tears a-fallin' like rain.
She stood there quiet and death-like, 'mid all o' the rush and noise,
For the war war a-takin' from her, her husband and three brave boys—Bill,
Charley, and little Tommy—just turned eighteen, but as true
An' gallant a little soldier as ever wore the blue.
It seemed almost like murder for to tear her poor heart so,
But your gran'dad couldn't stay, baby, an' the boys war determined to go.

The evenin' afore we started she called the boys to her side,
An' told 'em as how they war always their mother's joy and pride,
An' though her soul was in torture, an' her poor heart bleedin' an' sore,
An' though she needed her darlings, their country needed 'em more.

She told 'em to do their duty wharever their feet
might roam,
An' to never forgit in battle their mother was
prayin' at home;
An' if (an' the tears near choked her) they should
fall in front o' the foe,
She'd go to the blessed Saviour and ax him to
lighten the blow.

Bill lays an' awaits the summons 'neath Spottsyl-
vania's sod.
An' on the field of Antietam Charlie's spirit went
back to God;
An' Tommy, our baby Tommy, we buried one star-
lit night
Along with his fallen comrades just after the
Wilderness fight.
The lightning struck our family tree, and stripped
it of every limb,
A-leavin' only this bare old trunk a-standin' alone
and grim.
My boy, that's why your grandma, when you kneel
to the God you love,
Makes you ax Him to watch your uncles an' make
'em happy above.

That's why you sometimes see her with tear-drop
in her eyes,
That's why you sometimes catch her a tryin' to
hide her sighs;

That's why at our great reunions, she looks so
solemn an' sad;
That's why her heart seems a-breakin' when the
boys are jolly and glad;
That's why you sometimes find her in the bed-
room overhead,
Down on her knees a-prayin', with their pictures
laid out on the bed;
That's why the old-time brightness will light up
her face no more,
Till she meets her hero warriors in the camp on
the other shore.

An' when the great war was over, back came the
veterans true,
With not one star a-missin' from the azure field
of blue;
An' the boys, who on the field o' battle had stood
the fiery test,
Formed Posts o' the great Grand Army in the
North, South, East, and the West.
Fraternity, Charity, Loyalty, is the motto 'neath
which they train—
Their object to care for the helpless an' banish
sorrow an' pain
From the homes of the widows an' orphans o' the
boys who have gone before,
To answer their names at roll call in the great
Grand Army Corps.

An' that's why we wear these badges, the eagle an' the flag an' star,
Worn only by veteran heroes who fought in that bloody war,
An' that's why my old eyes glisten while talkin' about the fray.
An' that's why I call men "Comrade" when I meet 'em every day;
An' that's why I tell your grandma "I'm going to Post to-night."
For there's where I meet the old boys who stood with me in the fight,
An', my child, that's why I've taught you to love and revere the men
Who come here a wearin' badges, to fight those battles again.

They are the gallant heroes who stood 'mid shot and shell.
An' followed the flying colors right into the mouth o' hell.
They are the men whose valor saved the land from disgrace and shame,
An' lifted her back in triumph to her perch on the dome o' fame;
An' as long as you live, my darling, till your pale lips in death are mute,
When you see that badge on a bosom take off your hat and salute;

An' if any old veteran should halt you an' question you why you do,
Just tell him you've got a right to, for your gran'-dad's a Comrade, too.

SERGEANT JOHN CARTER AND SON.

SHERMAN D. RICHARDSON.

WELL, Billy, our march is nigh ended:
When we reach the top of yon hill
We can see the old home in the valley,
Where it stands beside the stone mill.
It is years since we left it, my Billy,
To march with the comrades of blue,
Shall we find all the loved ones awaiting
That bade us that morning adieu?

The moon shines down through the maples
As the sun shone down that day,
And the village bell rings as cheerily
As it chimed when we marched away.
You then were a stripling, my Billy,
And I in the strength of my prime;
The prison pen made me an old man,
And my raven locks gray ere their time.

Three years since from home we've had tidings,
The letter came to us that day
When we charged by the bridge at Manassas
And they captured our line for pay.
Three years of sad lonely watching
In the hands of a terrible fate;
But in the old home in the valley
'Twas a longer time, Billy, to wait.

Ah! here is the churchyard, Billy;
But it seems to have larger grown,
And see in our own lot yonder,
Rises a gleaming white stone.
Can it be—let me lean on you—Billy,
Alas! that our coming is late.
Shall we find the loved ones in the churchyard,
That we left at the old garden gate?

Two mounds heave the sod close together—
Alas! death spared us not one—
The graves of the mother and daughter
Are the welcome of father and son.
Let me kneel on the sod here, Billy,
And trace out the message of grief,
The rose and the lily together
Have been bound in the reaper's sheaf.

This is sacred to the memory of—what's the meaning,
Sergeant John Carter and Son,

Who were killed in the month of July,
'61, at the fight of Bull Run.
Good Heavens, why that's us, Billy,
Dead and buried three years to-day,
With an epitaph fit for a general,
How we fell in the heat of the fray.

Three cheers for yon light in the valley
And the friends we shall meet at the gate.
Sister and mother, daughter and—Billy,
Perhaps my coming is late.
The weeds may have faded to garlands,
And sorrow supplanted by love.
You go alone, boy, to the valley,
I'll stay in the churchyard above.

If my wife awaits in the cottage
Come back ere the moon goes down,
And the words shall be changed on the tablet
And flowers crown over each mound.
If not—then good-by, and God bless you,
Unchanged let the tablet remain,
'Tis best I shall be remembered
As I marched that day down the lane.

* * * * * *

The monument stands for the heroes
Who rest unknown far from home.
But the tablet is changed, a message came to him
Ere the moon left the star-spangled dome.

For the love of woman is true and forever
And the love of man is strong in its might.
Sunshine and shadow, gladness and sorrow,
Gleaming tints from the past to-day and to-morrow
Weave ever a rainbow of light.

OUR FOLKS.

[NOTE.—The following beautiful and touching lines were taken from the knapsack of a Union soldier, who was found dead, upon the battle-field of Hatcher's Run, Va., in Nov., 1864. The original manuscript, torn and defaced, was presented to Major Barton by Colonel Edward Hill, of the Sixteenth Michigan Infantry. The author is unknown.]

HI! Harry! Hallie! Halt, and tell
A soldier just a thing or two;
You've had a furlough! been to see
How all the folks in Jersey do;—
It's a year agone since I was there,
I, and the bullet from Fair Oaks.
Since you've been home, old comrade, true,
Say, did you see any of "our folks?"
You did? Shake hands! Oh, ain't I glad!
For if I do look grim and rough,
I've got some feeling. People think
A soldier's heart is mighty tough!
But, Harry, when the bullets fly,

And hot saltpetre flames and smokes,
And whole battalions lie a-field,
One's apt to think about his folks.
And so you saw them! When and where?
The old man! Is he lively yet?
And mother—does she fade at all,
Or does she seem to pine and fret for me?
And little "sis," has she grown tall?
And then, you know, her friend, that
Annie Ross—How this pipe chokes:—
Come, Hal, and tell me, like a man,
All the news about our folks.
You saw them at the church, you say;
It's likely; for they're always there
On Sunday. What! No! A funeral!
Who? Why, Harry, how you halt and stare!
And all were well, and all were out?
Come, surely, this can't be a hoax!
Why don't you tell me, like a man,
What is the matter with our folks?"

* * * * * *

"I said all well, old comrade dear;
I say all well! for He knows best,
Who takes His young lambs in His arms
Before the sun sinks in the west.
The soldier's stroke deals left and right,
But flowers fall as well as oaks—
And so, fair Annie blooms no more:
And that's the matter with 'your folks.'

Here's this long curl, 'twas sent to you,
And this fair blossom, from her breast,
And here—your sister Bessie wrote
This letter telling all the rest."
Bear up, old friend, nobody speaks
Only the dull camp raven croaks
And soldiers whisper, "Boys, be still!
There's some bad news from Granger's folks!"
He turned his back upon his grief
And sadly tried to hide the tears
Kind nature sends to woe's relief.
Then answered, "Ah, well! Hal, I'll try;
But in my throat there's something chokes
Because, you see, I'd thought so long
To count her in among our folks.
All may be well; but yet,
I can't help thinking, too,
I might have kept this trouble off
By being gentle, kind and true!
But maybe not. She's safe up there;
And when His hand deals other strokes
She'll stand at Heaven's gate, I know,
To wait and welcome 'our folks.'

BANTY TIM.

JOHN HAY.

[Remarks of Sergeant Tilmon Joy to the white man's committee of Spunky Point, Illinois.]

I RECKON I git your drift, gents—
You 'low the boy shan't stay;
This is a white man's country;
You're Dimocrats, you say;
And whereas, and seein', and wherefore,
The times bein' all out o' j'int,
The nigger has got to mosey
From the limits o' Spunky P'int!

Le's reason the thing a minute;
I'm an old-fashioned Dimocrat too,
Though I laid my politics out o' the way
For to keep till the war was through.
But I come back here, allowin'
To vote as I used to do,
Though it gravels me like the devil to train
Along o' sich fools as you.

Now dog my cats ef I kin see,
In all the light of the day,
What you've got to do with the question
Ef Tim shall go or stay.

And furder than that I give notice,
Ef one of you tetches the boy,
He kin check his trunks to a warmer clime
Than he'll find in Illanoy.

Why, blame your hearts, jest hear me!
You know that ungodly day
When our left struck Vicksburg Heights, how ripped
And torn and tattered we lay.
When the rest retreated I staid behind,
Fur reasons sufficient to me—
With a rib caved in, and a leg on a strike,
I sprawled on that cursed glacee.

Lord! how the hot sun went for us,
And br'iled and blistered and burned;
How the rebel bullets whizzed round us
When a cuss in his death-grip turned!
Till along toward dusk I seen a thing
I couldn't believe for a spell:
That nigger—that Tim—was a-crawlin' to me
Through that fire-proof, gilt-edged hell!

The rebels seen him as quick as me,
And the bullets buzzed like bees;
But he jumped for me, and shouldered me,
Though a shot brought him once to his knees;

But he staggered up, and packed me off,
With a dozen stumbles and falls,
Till safe in our lines he drapped us both,
His black hide riddled with balls.

So, my gentle gazelles, thar's my answer,
And here stays Banty Tim:
He trumped Death's ace for me that day,
And I'm not goin' back on him!
You may rezoloot till the cows come home,
But ef one of you tetches the boy,
He'll wrastle his hash to-night in hell,
Or my name's not Tilmon Joy!

THE OLD TOOLS IN A FRAME.

(From the Groton and Lansing Journal.)

[N. R. Streeter, the "Jolly Old Drummer," was formerly a shoemaker. He worked at the business about twenty years, the greater part of the time he filled a position known as a custom foreman (a trade which has become obsolete). Mr. Streeter has always kept his old pinchers and hammer, also His size stick. He recently sent them to New York and had them gilded with 22 karat gold, and set upon a blue silk plush back in a gilded frame, and he wrote the following lines and glued them to the back of the frame.]

HERE are all that remains of my faithful old kit,
For long years ago shoemaking I quit.
My sticks are all gone, either misplaced or lost,
Like a hand-full of pegs in a hurricane tossed.

This trio, I've kept, refusing to lend.
(Though I seldom was known to go back on a friend.)
A place in my parlor they now shall enjoy,
And when I am gone, they'll belong to my boy.
As I gaze on these faithful old relics and think,
An apprentice again, I stand on the brink
Of life's speeding river, a "cub" once again,
Hear the tap of the hammers, the jokes of the men.
But alas! In the factories the shoes now are made,
And few there remain of an obsolete trade.
The men in the factories all work in teams,
And few even know what the fuddle stick means.
To the gray-headed craftsmen, this seems very queer
(As they think of the times when they fuddled for beer).
But, though babies were born with shoes on their feet,
We old crispins will never get round on the seat.
And though fortune smiles and luck with me lingers,
I'll despise not the days, when I'd wax on my fingers.
And whene'er an old "shoey" I meet on time's shore,
I'll greet him as shopmate, the same as of yore.

THE OLD MAN AND JIM.

BY JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

OLD Man never had much to say,
'Ceptin to Jim—
And Jim was the wildest boy he had—
And the Old Man jes' wrapped up in him!
Never heerd him speak but once
Er twice in my life—and first time was
When the war broke out, and Jim he went,
The Old Man backin' him fer three months,
And all 'at I heerd the Old Man say
Was, jes' as we turned to start away—
"Well, good-bye, Jim;
Take keer of yourse'f?"

'Peared like he was more satisfied
Jes' lookin' at Jim,
And likin' him all to hisself-like, see?
'Cause he was jes' wrapped up in him!
And over and over I mind the day
The Old Man come and stood round in the way
While we was drilling', a-watchin' Jim—
And down at the deepot a-heerin' him say—
"Well, good-bye, Jim;
Take keer of yourse'f!"

Never was nothin' about the farm
  Disting'ished Jim;
Neighbors all ust to wonder why
  The Old Man 'peared wrapped up in him!
But when Cap. Biggler, he writ back
'At Jim was the bravest boy he had
In the whole dern regiment, white er black,
And his fightin' good as his farmin' bad—
'At he had led, with a bullet clean
Bored through his thigh, and carried the flag
Through the bloodiest battle you ever seen,
The Old Man wound up a letter to him
'At Cap read to us, 'at said,—
"Tell Jim Good-bye;
  And take keer of hisse'f."

Jim come back jes' long enough
  To take the whim
'At he'd like to go back in calvery—
  And the Old Man jes' wrapped up in him!—
Jim 'lowed 'at he'd had sich luck afore,
Guessed he'd tackle her three years more
And the Old Man gave him a colt he'd raised
And followed him over to Camp Ben Wade,
And laid around for a week or so,
Watchin' Jim on dress parade—
Tell finally he rid way,
And last he heard was the Old Man say,
"Well, good-by, Jim;
  Take keer of yourse'f!"

Tuk the papers, the Old Man did,
A-watchin' for Jim—
Fully believin' he'd make his mark
Some way—jes' wrapped up in him!
And many a time the word 'ud come
'At stirred him up like the tap of a drum—
At Petersburg, for instance, where
Jim rid right into their cannons there,
And tuk 'em, and p'inted 'em t'other way
And socked it home to the boys in gray,
As they skooted fer timber, and on and on
Jim a lieutenant and one arm gone,
And the Old Man's words in his mind all day!"
"Well, good-bye, Jim;
Take care of yourse'f!"

Think of a private, now, perhaps,
We'll say like Jim,
'At's clumb clean up to the shoulder straps—
And the Old Man jes' wrapped up in him!
Think of him—with the war plum' through,
And the glorious old Red-White-and-Blue
A laughin' the news down over Jim
And the Old Man, bendin' over him—
The surgeon turnin' away with tears
'At hadn't leaked fer years and years—
As the hand of the dying boy clung to
His father's, the old voice in his ears!
"Well, good-bye, Jim:
Take keer of yourse'f!"

PADDY'S EXCELSIOR.

'TWAS growing dark so terrible fasht,
Whin through a town up the mountain there pashed
A broth of a boy, to his neck in the shnow;
As he walked, his shillelah he swung to and fro,
Saying: "It's up to the top I'm bound for to go,
Be jabbers!"

He looked mortal sad, and his eye was as bright
As a fire of turf on a cowld winther night;
And niver a word that he said could ye tell
As he opened his mouth and let out a yell,
"It's up till the top of the mountain I'll go,
Onless covered up wid this bodthersome shnow,
Be jabbers!"

Trough the windows he saw, as he thraveled along,
The light of the candles, and fires so warm,
But a big chunk of ice hung over his head;
Wid a shnivel and groan, "By St. Patrik!" he said,
"It's up to the very *tip-top* I will rush,
And then if it falls, it's not meself it 'll crush,
Be jabbers!"

"Whisht a bit," said an owld man, whose head
was as white
As the shnow that fell down on that miserable
night;
"Shure, ye'll fall in the wather, me bit of a lad,
Fur the night is so dark and the walkin' is bad."
Bedad! he'd not lisht to a word that was said
But he'd go till the top, if he went on his head,
Be jabbers!

A bright, buxom young girl, such as likes to be
kissed,
Axed him wouldn't he stop, and how *could* he
resist?
So, shnapping his fingers and winking his eye,
While shmiling upon her, he made this reply—
"Faith, I meant to kape on till I got to the top,
But, as yer shwate self has axed me, I may as well
shtop
Be jabbers!"

He shtopped all night and he shtopped all day,—
And ye musn't be axing whin he *did* go away;
Fur wouldn't he be a bastely gossoon
To be laving his darlint in the swate honey-moon?
Whin the owld man has peraties enough, and to
spare,
Shure he moight as well shtay if he's comfortable
there,
Be jabbers!

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